

Warrington. Isabel was jesting and coquetting with him, as was her wont, but Captain Warrington was by no means as devoted as several other of her admirers were supposed to be. There was a certain Lord George Ker there also, who raved about her, and was ready to do any mad thing for her sake. But Isabel in consequence cared very little about Lord George. Captain Hugh Warrington, on the contrary, was perfectly cool, and apparently unmoved by the beauty before him. He smiled and chatted, and looked as he ever did, remarkably handsome, but that was all. Yet jealous eyes were fixed upon him. There was a cloud on Mr. Hannaway's brow as he hovered near Isabel, and saw that she lavished most of her looks and smiles on the favoured guardsman. Yet he lingered on the terrace after the other men had mounted, and, approaching Isabel, said a few words in a low tone.

"So you have not even one smile for me this morning?" and the man's voice trembled as he spoke.

"Yes! he was in earnest. She had wiled his heart away, as she had wiled Hayward's, as she had wiled Sir George's, and now she was ready to laugh at the once astute lawyer, who had laughed and scoffed in his day also at the very feelings to which now he had fallen a victim.

"And what would you do with a smile, even if I were to give you one?" answered Isabel, jestingly.

"You know how much I would treasure it," said Mr. Hannaway, almost passionately; and then after a few more such words he turned away.

Isabel looked after him for a moment, but presently returned to the house, singing a few lines of the chorus of a hunting song as she did so. She was not allowed to hunt just then, but the excitement of the sport had great charms for her, and she was a fearless rider. She was not thinking of Mr. Hannaway, however, as she went in, nor yet of Sir George. She was thinking of Captain Hugh Warrington, and wondering if he would ever learn to like anyone better than himself. This was his attraction to her vain heart. She could not apparently make him miserable, and so she was absolutely beginning to imagine herself sometimes miserable about him.

She loitered through the next two hours in her usual frivolous manner. It chanced that she had no visitors staying in the house that morning, and she therefore spent it principally in her dressing-room, planning new costumes with her maid. About one o'clock, however, she was startled by Sir George coming hastily into the room, looking very pale and shocked.

"I have come to tell you something very painful, Isabel," he said kindly, going up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder. And then as Isabel looked up inquiringly in his face, he added, "There has been a sad accident on the hunting field, and poor Hannaway has had a terrible fall."

"Mr. Hannaway?" echoed Isabel, and for a moment her blooming face grew pale.

"Yes, he is insensible, poor fellow," continued Sir George, "his horse rolled over him, and I fear he is badly hurt. They are carrying him here, but I hurried on to tell you—for I was afraid, my dear Isabel, that the sudden shock might do you harm."

"You are very kind," said Isabel, slowly. Then she asked, "Do you think he will die?"

"I don't like his looks," answered Sir George; and Isabel's brows contracted, and an expression of anxiety stole over her face as she heard the words.

A minute or two later they heard a strange stir in the hall below, and Sir George, after listening for a moment, left Isabel, telling her, however, that he would return almost immediately. But Isabel was in no mood to wait. Scarcely had Sir George left her than she too passed swiftly out of the room and went to a corridor which looked straight down upon the hall.

She saw there a mournful sight. On the inlaid marble pavement lay a figure, motionless, ghastly. She could see the white face, too—the changed white face, which but two hours ago had been so full of life and love! By the side of this prostrate figure a surgeon was kneeling, and endeavouring to pour something between the set teeth. But as Sir George approached the surgeon looked up and shook his head.

"Is he worse?" asked Sir George, bending eagerly down, after pushing his way through the little group of gentlemen and servants collected in the hall.

Then the surgeon opened the prostrate man's waistcoat, and laid his ear down upon his body.

He did this for a few moments, and then again looked up and once more shook his head.

"It is all over," he said, addressing Sir George. "The heart's action has stopped. Mr. Hannaway is dead." And he arose to his feet after having pronounced this verdict.

"My God! you do not say so!" exclaimed Sir George, and he too proceeded to examine the dead man.

But it was all over as the doctor had said. The vain, clever, worldly heart had ceased to beat, and with an anxious frown upon his face Sir George rose, after he had satisfied himself that this actually was the case.

"Carry him to a bedroom," he said, and as the servants obeyed him, he followed the sad procession, and when the men laid Mr. Hannaway's body on a bed he sharply and peremptorily desired every one present to quit the room.

The men, with surprised looks, went out, and then Sir George went up to the body, and with an inward shudder put forth his hand and began

to search the dead man's pockets. He did this carefully, though his bitten lips and clammy brow showed his shrinking aversion to the task. But he was looking for the dead man's keys which locked away some of Sir George's own secrets, and he wished no prying eyes to see that he was doing this. Presently he came on what he wanted, and on some letters. These he took, and the keys, and then with a shuddering glance at the white face and fixed half-open eyes he left the room, which was presently entered by the usual weird attendants of the dead.

Without a word to anyone in the house, Sir George then went straight by a private way to the stables, and ordered a horse to be saddled. Isabel had seen the servants carry Mr. Hannaway's body upstairs, and she had seen Sir George follow the body. She felt nervous and alarmed and uncertain how to act. Mr. Hannaway had secrets of hers also, and she began to be full of fear that his sudden death might bring these to light. Yet what could she do? She presently went down into the small dining-room, where lunch was laid, and glanced anxiously around the shocked faces of the group of gentlemen who were standing by the fire discussing the accident, to see if Sir George was amongst them, but she saw that he was not.

Lord George Ker approached her with a few commiserating and feeling words.

"This is a terrible thing, Lady Hamilton," he said.

"Most terrible," answered Isabel, wondering all the while where Sir George could be.

Sir George was riding at that moment as fast as his horse could carry him to Combe Lodge, where Mr. Hannaway had lived. He wished to get there before the lawyer's death was known to his household; before anyone could take possession of the dead man's effects.

He succeeded in this. The neat, well-kept place, with a gardener mowing with a machine the trim lawn in the front of the house, looked quite undisturbed as he approached it. No evidence of the news of sudden death was here. The man who was mowing glanced up and touched his hat as Sir George rode past him, but that was all. Sir George knew from this that he was in time. He beckoned to the gardener, therefore, to hold his horse, and having dismounted rang the house door-bell, which was answered by a page-boy.

"I wish to look at some papers in Mr. Hannaway's library," said Sir George, and without hesitation the youth admitted him, for of course Sir George was known to all the members of Mr. Hannaway's household.

Then Sir George went into the library, in which a good fire was burning (for the late owner loved comfort well), and having got there his first action was to turn the key in the door. Secure thus from interruption, he proceeded with the dead man's keys to open his secretaire, and after glancing at its contents he next opened an iron safe which stood beside it.

Here were kept Mr. Hannaway's most private papers. Packets of letters, neatly tied together and endorsed, now met Sir George's view, and with trembling hand he quickly drew out one on which was written *to Isabel's letters from Sir George Hamilton, from Sister*; and to each was added the date on which it had been received. Other documents were enclosed in this packet also; documents concerning certain sums of money settled on a Dona Catalina Mendoza, and on a child. There was another packet, too, lying near this one in the safe. Receipts in Spanish from Padre Fernandez, of Seville, for sums of money received up to a very late date. All these papers were methodically arranged and docketed, and as Sir George lifted out of the safe the receipts of the Padre, his eyes suddenly fell on another packet of letters lying near also.

This was endorsed "Letters from Lady Hamilton," and was secured, not like the others with an elastic strap, but was tied together by a narrow blue ribbon.

Sir George glanced at this packet for a moment in surprise, and then frowned. Then he looked at the address of one of the letters, and recognized Isabel's clear handwriting, and his breath came short and his brow darkened as he did so. Next he opened this letter, and an exclamation of rage and shame broke from his lips as he read the words it contained.

It was the first letter that Isabel had written to the lawyer; the letter which she had written when she had returned to Massam as a bride, and in which she had asked Mr. Hannaway to ride over to renew the conversation about her father's proposed marriage with Lucinda Featherstone.

These were the words that Sir George now read: the brief words that his bride of a few weeks had written to another man:

"Dear Mr. Hannaway,—Sir George has ridden out this morning. Can you come over at once? I wish to renew the conversation that was interrupted last night, about L. F."

"Yours truly,"

"I. HAMILTON."

Was this real? Was this true? Sir George could scarcely believe his dazed and dazzled eyesight, before which the clearly-written lines seemed to dance and whirl!

But too convincing evidence lay close at hand.

This was but one letter, and there were many others. Letters which disclosed the whole plot about the anonymous letter to Mr. Trevor; letters which grew more and more confidential as time went on, and in which she constantly alluded to himself in semi-contemptuous terms: "Sir George looks a little more solemn than usual this morning; Sir George has gone up to

town for a day, and I must say that the house feels more lively in consequence;" and so on. In such terms had Isabel written to Mr. Hannaway of her husband, and now, pale—almost ghastly—her husband stood reading the condemning words.

A curse broke from his white lips as he went on; a curse, and a cry of bitter, bitter agony. "This was the woman he had passionately loved—this! What! she had lied, then, from the beginning! She had cheated him when she seemed most fond—and now—and now!"

Oh, what bitter, miserable thoughts rushed through Sir George's brain during the next half hour. Old memories; ill deeds of his own that he had tried to forget, and wrongs wrought on an innocent being for the sake of the false, fair woman who had betrayed him—all rose before him revengefully then.

And what must he do? Go to her—show her these vile letters—strike her dead!

"O, God! O, God!" groaned Sir George, as the last thought occurred to him, and he buried his face in his hands.

Of what was he thinking? Of a blow which he had once given in his passion, long ago, and the consequences of which had ever since haunted his life with remorse and shame. No, he must not go near her. He dare not trust his outraged, maddened heart. The woman that he had loved—the woman soon to be the mother of his child—and he must meet no more.

"I dare not see her," he thought. "I dare not look again on the false, fair face that has fooled my soul so long."

So he made up his mind to go away. He took the letters that he had written long ago to Mr. Hannaway, from Spain; the letters from the Padre in Seville, and all documents connected with this affair. He took, too, the letters that had stabbed his heart with so terrible and treacherous a blow. Then he locked the iron safe that had given up its dark secrets, and the secretaire also, in which some of the dead man's own secret doings lay hidden from the light.

But Sir George meddled not with these. What was it to him if Mr. Hannaway had deceived other women and lied to other men? He was not thinking of Hannaway. In his heart he knew that this man had probably been a victim like the rest—"like Hayward"—thought Sir George—"the young man who saved my miserable life."

Then he thought again of Hayward. He knew that he was honourable and trustworthy, and he wanted some one now in whom he could trust. There were things that must be done. Some one must take Hannaway's place and arrange Hannaway's affairs, and see after matters that Sir George had trusted to the late lawyer's hands. So Sir George decided to go to Hayward. But before he went he must write a few lines to the woman who had so shamefully deceived him; to the woman whom he still must call his wife.

He wrote these in Mr. Hannaway's library, or rather in the room that had been Mr. Hannaway's. Only a few cold words:—

"It is necessary that I should go to town to-day. I will write to you to-morrow."

This was all. No token of the relationship between them; no token of the love that Isabel had trifled with and flung away. Then he directed his letter, and entrusted it to the gardener, whom he found when he went outside still holding his horse.

"Take this to Massam," he said, placing the letter and a gratuity in the gardener's hand. "Ask for Roberts, the butler, and desire him from me to give it to Lady Hamilton at once." And the man touched his hat, and held Sir George's horse while he mounted, thinking all the while how strange it was, that the owner of such wealth should look so dark and sad.

Sir George rode from Combe Lodge straight to the nearest railway station. A train for the South passed in half an hour, and in half an hour Sir George was on his road to London. He arrived there in the evening, and then drove direct to Hayward's lodgings. Imagine the young man's shock, his shame and pain, when he heard Sir George's story. He, too, had loved—had loved most deeply, this beautiful woman without honour. It seemed a shame and a disgrace even to him as he listened to Sir George's burning words of indignation; to him that he had wasted so much on so vile a thing.

Sir George left Isabel's letters with Hayward when he went away.

"Read them all," he said, "I cannot, and then judge between us. If you believe she has done me the worst wrong a woman can do her husband, she shall leave my roof. But if you think—and her nature is so vain, and her heart so cold, that it is probable—that she has but trifled with the affections of the unfortunate man who died to-day, as she trifled with yours, then, for the sake of the child that is to be born, I will bring no public disgrace upon her. But from this day," continued Sir George darkly, "she is no wife of mine. But what will she care?" he added with extreme bitterness. "She is Lady Hamilton. If she retains her position and her name, she retains all for which she married me. Well was it for you, Hayward, that you were a poor man! Had you been a rich one, you would have been the chosen husband of her love!"

With a harsh and grating laugh Sir George turned away and left Hayward after uttering these words—left Hayward to read the letters, and to sit in judgment on the woman whom he had once so passionately loved.

(To be continued.)

## A SOCIABLE!

They carried pie to the parson's house.  
And scattered the floor with crumbs,  
And marked the leaves of his choicest books  
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick  
With a lot of unhealthy cake,  
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls  
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck  
Their apple parings for sport,  
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout  
Spilled his tea in the pianoforte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees  
With his wife—but not to pray;  
Oh, no—twas to scrape the grease and dirt  
From the carpet and stairs away!

## BRELOQUES POUR LAMES.

WHEN a man has no mind of his own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

It takes a good deal of grief to kill a woman just after she has got a new seal-skin sacque.

THERE are two periods in a woman's life when she does not like to talk. When one is we never knew, and the other we have forgotten.

WHAT the country needs now among women is not so much a hand that can bring ravishing strains from a grand piano, as one that can spank a baby *con expression*.

"Your late husband, madam," began her lawyer.—"Yes, I know he was always late out o' nights, but now that he's dead don't let us upbraid him," said his charitable widow.

A South Lincoln (Me.) couple were so anxious to get married the other day that they started for the minister's in a furious storm, with two men in advance of the sleigh to shovel the way.

TOXIC cannot tell the words or express the astonishment of the crippled soldier in Connecticut who awoke to find his wife was using his wooden leg to pound the beefsteak for breakfast.

"Why, are you looking at me so intently, Alice?" said Theodore. "I was gazing at vacancy," replied Alice, dreamily; and yet there was a twinkle about her mouth that showed her appraisal of the young man.

SOME men are endowed with the clinging nature of cobwebs, and like them are continually hanging around the house until cleared out by the end of a well-balanced broom, with an industrious female at the other end.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a fur-lined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than mere border.

THERE are some scenes almost too pure and sacred to be viewed by the thoughtless world. One of them is a 200 pound woman, with a mole on her chin "talking baby" to an ounce and a half canary bird in a brass cage.

It has been suggested that the Young Ladies' Cooking Club of this city adopt the name of "Belles of the Kitchen." And, by the way, it is related of one of them that she recently asked, "Where is the kitchen, mother, anyway?"

THE day before a Turkish girl is married she is taken to the bath by her lady friends and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterwards her husband breaks the whole sugar-bowl over her head.

THE proudest moment of a mother's life is just after she has trimmed the hair of her young hopeful, using the edge of a bowl to guide the shears evenly around his intellectual forehead. 'Tis then she gazes on him with the fondest maternal hopes, and sees the future congressman standing out in bold relief.

THERE is one woman in Maine who has lived a good deal in a year. This is her story. "She lives in Fairfield, is 40 years of age, and is the mother of seventeen children. Inside of a year she gave birth to two at different times, married off two and lost three by death. One of the two married sons lost his wife and was re-married within the same year."

A YOUNG lady, after passing the Cambridge local examination, suddenly broke off her engagement with her sweetheart. A friend expostulated with her, but she replied, "I must merely say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness with such a person."

AND still the missionary cause waxes stronger. New Bedford has a clever young lady worth a million dollars, and "of a rather pious turn of mind," who made up her mind she would be a missionary. Could anything be more beautiful? The church accepted her services, and when asked what field of labour she had in view, she pensively looked down at her lavender kid gloves, and replied, "I think I will go to Paris."

"Pook Herbert: how I wish you did not have to slave so at that horrible store from morning till night!" said his wife, as, with a fond caress, she seated herself on her husband's knee and gently stroked the auburn locks from his sloping brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once and answered: "Well, Susie, what is it—a bonnet or what? Go light on me, for money is scarcer than ever."